The World.

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AID FOR BRAVE MINERS' LOVED ONES.

The tears come in spite of all restraint as one reads the last messages to their loved ones of the miners entombed in the Fraterville coal shaft. These messages were scribbled on any available material while their writers were in the full consciousness of the near approach of death, and the simple language of the heart revealed in them is infinitely pathetic. "I want you all to meet me in heaven." "I want to go back home and kiss the baby." "Ellen, I want you to live right and come to heaven." The heart of the American husband and father spoke here in each line. To die as these rough Tennesseeans, brave unfortunates, died is to die nobly.

He weren't no saint; but at jedgment
I'd run my chance with Jim
'Longside of some pious gentlemen
What wouldn't shook hands with him.

What is to become of these loved ones left behind? A miner's pay leaves little for a rainy day. The mine workers of America will spend $1,000 for their aid, but this sum should be multiplied a hundredfold. The purses that poured out their contents for Martinique must have something left for these luckless ones, even more deserving of our sympathy than the victims of Mount Pelee. They are our own people. We are proud of the husbands and ought to be generous to the widows.

The Last Phase.—Tammany is now to be conducted on the theory that "three heads are better than one."

THE KATIE FLANAGAN MYSTERY.

A little girl standing on a pier and throwing pebbles to "hit the fish in the river," while the Saturday afternoon bystanders laugh at her childish marksmanship, suddenly disappears from view. After the lapse of nearly a week she remains lost to sight. No trace is left behind her, except that of a green Tam o' Shanter hat such as she wore, seen by a convent sister on the head of a child led by a rough-looking man and impressed on the sister's memory because of the child's cleanly contrast to the man. But such hats, if not conspicuously numerous, at least exist in numbers in this great city. She may have toddled over the stringpiece of the pier into the water; but the chances were against such an accident unobserved by the throng. Did some one of this throng, remarking for the first time the child's pretty face and winning manner, conceive and execute almost in the same instant a plan to kidnap her? If so he is too clever a criminal to be the author of the absurd anonymous letter.

The disappearance of little Kathleen Flanagan has elements of mystery to it lacking in similar cases. Popular sympathy unites with the prayers of the churches in hoping that the mystery will soon be cleared up.

How Did He Get In?—In a celebrated divorce case now pending in this city, the injured wife, in her list of counter charges against her husband, accuses him of "gambling at Canfield's." If this charge is sustained it should serve as a "tip" to the District-Attorney, who has never been able to discover how people get into Canfield's.

STILL OBSTINATE.

The strike situation was rendered more acute yesterday by the action of the Executive Committee of the anthracite miners in calling out the firemen, pumpmen and engineers at the mines, the call to take effect on June 2, and also by the report that the railroad employees would probably refuse to handle any cars of bituminous coal intended to replace anthracite.

The attitude of the employers remains unchanged. They will not agree to the miners' terms or to any terms; they will not accept the arbitration of the Civic Federation or of any one else; they will not discuss the situation, and will not even give any reason for their refusal to vouchsafe any statement. They recognize no other authority than their own imperial and imperious will. As for the public, the public must take what their rulers give them.

American Genius Recognized.—A Federal judge in Chicago has declared judicially that the real author of the celebrated play of "Cyrano de Bergerac" was not Edmond Rostand, as has been generally supposed, but a plain Chicago real-estate operator named Gross. Now let Cyrano be enjoined, and let us have the real and orginal play under its true title of "The Merchant Prince of Cornville."

THE STRICKEN ISLANDS.

The renewed and repeated outbreaks of the volcanoes of Martinique and St. Vincent create an entirely new situation in those unfortunate islands and put an entirely new aspect on the question of relief. After the horrible penalty paid by the city of St. Pierre for its confidence in the belief that the danger was over it would be criminal to repeat the mistake. The two islands are unfit for human occupancy and the only adequate relief is one which will provide for the removal of their inhabitants beyond the reach of danger. Free transportation should be provided them to some of the adjacent islands.

This is obviously a duty which does not devolve on the people of the United States and which cannot be discharged by us. The governments which hold jurisdiction over the islands are alone authorized to provide for the wholesale deportation of the inhabitants, and they should attend to it at once. They should spare the civilized world even the possibility of being shocked by a repetition of the horrors of that fearful Eighth of May.

NO MORE SHOO-FLY MUSIC.

Just as Chicago, in obedience to popular preference for ragtime, bars Bayreuth music from park band stands, New York reverses this official indorsement of a plebeian taste by decreeing that there shall be only classical tunes at the recreation piers. "Wagner and the great masters or nothing, and above all no ragtime," says Commissioner Hawkes, and his word is law to the thirty-five bandmasters whose batons will punctuate the open air concord of sweet sounds.

It is a momentous decision. There was a single tune that upset a dynasty in France, and it is within the realm of possibility that Wagner may hasten the finish of the reform administration. Can little children dance in the streets to the strains of a Goetterdaemmerung motif? Will papa submit to a Siegfried farewell when he wants a May Irwin coon song? The man who said he did not care who made a nation's laws if he could have the privilege of composing its songs knew how music soothes or inflames the savage breast of the voter. Sunday excise problems sink into insignificance by comparison with this greater issue.

Home Magazine

JOKES OF OUR OWN

THE SONG OF THE FANS.

The batsman fans the air and the umpire yells: "Strike one!"
And the fans vow they will fan him with an axe before they're done,
And a fan-tan is the tan fanned o'er their faces by the sun.

AN EASY PATH.

"How did he make a literary reputation? He can't even spell."

"He doesn't have to. He writes dialect stories."

BADLY FINISHED.

"Yes, sir; I'm proud to say I'm a self-made man."

"Why didn't you take a little longer time and make a less rough job of it?"

THE MICROBE IN ART.

"I'm painting a picture of St. Michael, but I'm puzzled to know what sort of clothes he should wear."

"Why not a Mike-robe?"

A HUMMER.

The horse fly now is out of date,
We gently pass him by;
Our greatest effort is to make
The merry auto fly.

BORROWED JOKES.

AFTER PNEUMONIA.

Patient—Did he say I was on the road to recovery?

Friend—He said you were "on the high road to recovery."

Patient—Well, I guess he is right from the size of his bills.—Chicago News.

CHANGE OF MACHINE.

"I have decided to economize," remarked the multi-millionaire.

"In what way?"

"I'm going to quit buying political machines and content myself with defying the public in an automobile."—Washington Star.

A GENIUS.

"There goes a great genius!" exclaimed the Georgia citizen, as a tall figure slouched by.

"Novelist?"

"No; but he reads all the novels the other fellows write."

"You call that genius?"

"Well, if it ain't exactly genius, it's the patience of it!"—Atlanta Constitution.

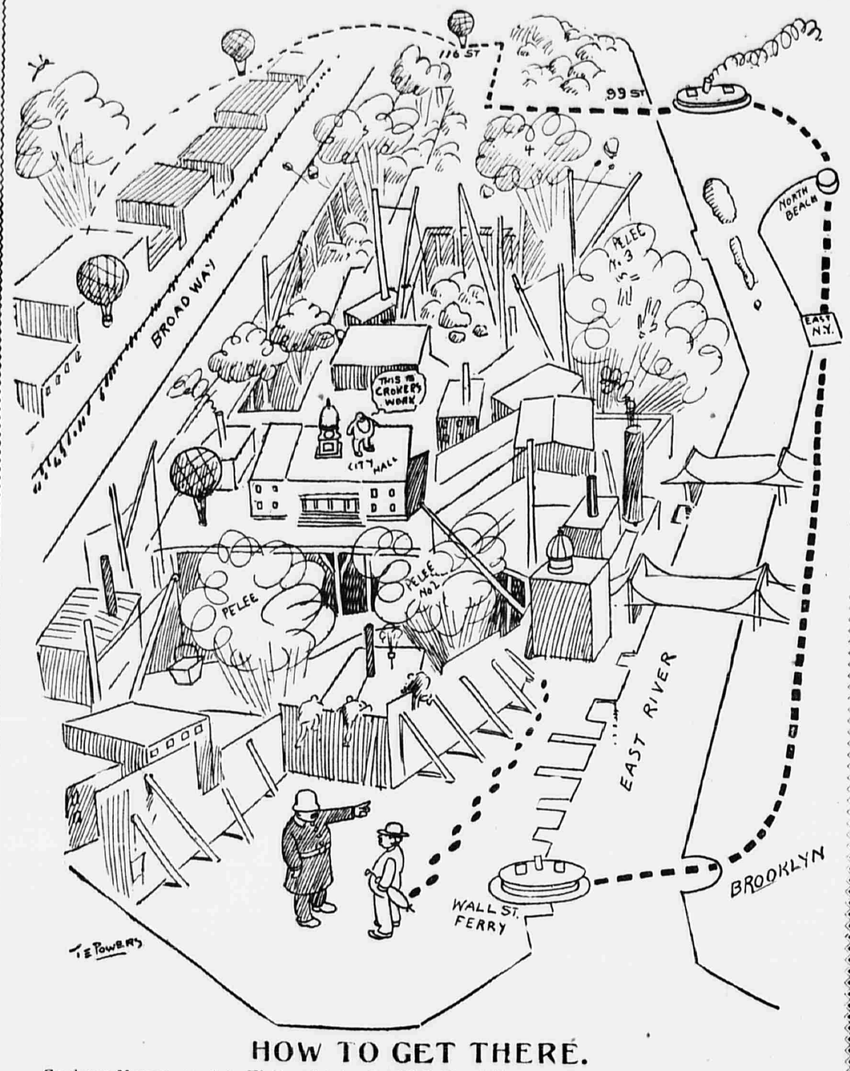
SCENTED NEW GAME.

Capper (at foot of State street stairway)—Want to try your luck a bit? Nice little game going on upstairs.

Indignant Citizen—Sir, I am a church worker!

Capper (becoming interested)—Mebby that's a better graft than this. How do you work 'em?—Chicago Tribune.

FROM THE BRIDGE TO BROADWAY.



HOW TO GET THERE.

Go down Nassau street to Wall and take the Wall Street Ferry to Brooklyn. A trolley car will take you to East New York. Ride thence in another trolley to North Beach. Take the ferry at this point and cross to Ninety-second street, New York. After an uphill walk you will find yourself at Lexington avenue. Ride uptown on a Lexington avenue car and transfer at One Hundred and Sixteenth street for Broadway. If you last long enough you will get there.

ODDITY CORNER.

TRAINED ANTS.

Trained ants are the latest novelty in Berlin. There is a little circus in which these performers appear daily. They dance, turn somersaults, draw miniature wagons, fight sham battles and perform other wonders.

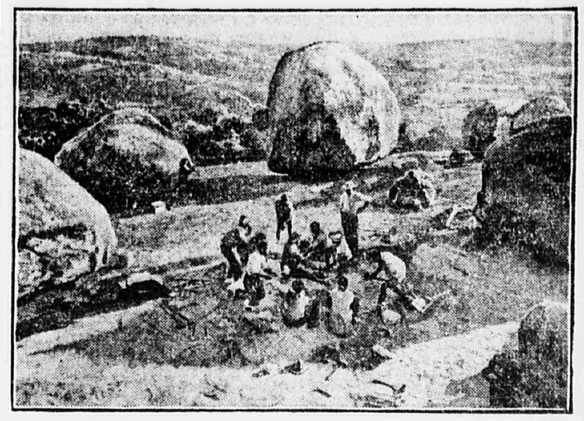
LIVES IN A TUB.

A modern Diogenes has been discovered in the person of Jacob Peploff, who for a long time used as a dwelling an empty tub standing in the courtyard of a large house in Moscow.

HORSE MEAT.

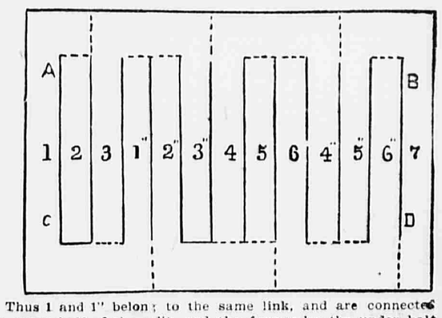
Two classes of the population of St. Petersburg are specially addicted to eating horse meat—the Tartars because they like it, the students because it is cheap.

MOST REMARKABLE GRAVE IN THE WORLD.



The spot chosen by Mr. Cecil Rhodes to be his last resting-place is the summit of the kopje in the Matoppo Hills, which he himself named the "World's View." The majestic grandeur of the place seems suited to the character of the great man who lies buried there. So steep and rugged is the ascent to the height that it is almost inaccessible. Miles of great boulders the size of houses lie in indescribable confusion, piled one on another all round. In the centre of a ring of these great masses of rock a grave was hewn in the solid granite. It is three feet deep and is covered by a granite slab with a brass plate containing the following inscription: "Here lie the remains of Cecil John Rhodes." Our illustration, from a photograph reproduced in the London Graphic, shows the stone-cutters at work hewing out the tomb.

ANSWER TO CHAIN AND CARD PUZZLE.



To cut a chain out of a card, take a card, say 4 inches long and 2 1-2 inches wide, or of any other size thought fit; but the larger the card the better it is for practice. Draw a light pencil line from A to B, and another line from C to D, at about a quarter of an inch from the edge of your card. Now lay the card in water for a short time, after which split it down from the edge with a penknife as far as the pencil line, and then put the card aside until it is perfectly dry, when you will resume your task as follows:

With a sharp penknife cut right through the straight lines indicated in the engraving, but only half way through the dotted lines, as that is the split portion of the card. The figures show the bar of each link of the chain. Thus 1 and 1" belong to the same link, and are connected at the top and bottom, the latter by the upper half of the split, and the former by the under half of the split; the links 2 and 2" are also connected in the same way, and so on to the end of the chain, until every link is released, thus forming a cable which, if not useful for any mechanical purpose, will at least serve to amuse.

THE SERGEANT'S PLEDGE.

By Gen. Charles King.

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PAY-DAY at the post was just over.

Tattoo had just "gone," the soldiers used to say, and the major had turned homeward in disgust. Sergt. Pell and a dozen men had been reported absent.

"My compliments to the officer of the guard and say I wish to see him at quarters," growled the commander, and the trim young soldier in attendance was off like a shot.

Before he had gone halfway to the guard-house the major whirled about and shouted "Orderly!"

And three or four officers, scurrying homeward, seeing that the orderly didn't hear, joined in the shout, but it was too late.

"No," said the major to himself; "I don't want to see him at my quarters. It's Jim Reynolds, and I've told Fan I wouldn't have him there."

Any woman could have seen the situation at a glance. Jim Reynolds was a penniless sub. Fan was the major's daughter, and Jimmy and Fan were in love.

There was nothing the matter with Reynolds. He was not two years out of the "Point," had neither debts nor savings.

He was a handsome, healthy, honest young chap, fit mate for pretty Fan, but as neither had money the major said "no."

The major knew, for his wife had told him that Fan would rather take Jim Reynolds without money than any other man with a million, but Reynolds didn't dare think so.

He had loved her heartily a whole year. She had liked him well until the elders began to snub him, then she turned to and loved him with all her strong, sweet, impulsive nature, but he had not dared to speak in the face of the father's prohibition, and so between them there was as yet no compact, none unless, between them, they had sought and thought to reform Sergt. Pell, who from being a reckless young trooper on the road to ruin was now a sergeant on the high road to promotion.

Reynolds came almost at the run, rather than keep the major standing out there in mid-parade and the bitter cold.

"My Reynolds," said the commander gruffly, "send a sergeant and six men out to those infernal hog ranches and bring in those absentees. If Sergt. Pell is there send him to his troop in arrest."

"Sergt. Pell isn't there," said the young officer respectfully, but confidently. "He gave his word to miss—to me, rather."

"Then where is he?"

"I don't know, sir, but he isn't there."

The major stopped a moment, gazing thoughtfully away past the black, one-storied hulks of the garrison barracks buildings, to where the broad valley of the Platte, covered with its mantlet of snow, lay gleaming in the moonlight.

A mile away, among the dark patch of cottonwoods close by the stream, some dim lights glimmered through the distance. Away up the valley, three miles beyond, were other tiny gleams that told of settlements, if not of civilization.

These were the days of old when we had no canteen to keep the soldiers from going astray at night, and these glimmers were so many hell fires, wreckers' beacons, "false lights on the shore" of soldier life, luring him from duty and honor to debauchery and disgrace.

There was no law to limit them. The "dives" were owned and run by sovereign citizens who named the men that made the laws.

They could vote, the soldier victims couldn't, and the pot-house and the politician had their way.

"Perhaps you'd better turn over your guard to the sergeant and go yourself," said the major, after a moment's study, then whirled about and hurried homeward, and Mr. Reynolds, after one longing look at the parlor lights of the commanding officer's quarters, trudged back to the guard-house.

As the detail came stamping out into the snow there rose on the night air, querulous and yelping, the cry of a pack of coyotes, whereat the sentry shuddered, possibly only from cold.

"Bad night for a fellow to try to walk home with a load under his skin," whispered a veteran corporal to a comrade, and Reynolds hearkened.

"Start ahead, corporal," he cried to the non-commissioned officer in charge. "I'll catch you on the way."

Then back he went across the snow-covered parade and banged at the major's door. It was Fan herself who hastened to admit him, her finger at lips. The major followed.

"What brings you here?" he asked, with gloom in his eyes.

"Can we have an ambulance, sir? Some of the men may not be able to walk. They weren't, you know, last time."

The major didn't like the idea.

"I can't have my teams and drivers turned out at night to fetch home drunken men," said he. "If they can't walk, borrow a sled."

And then he waited for Reynolds to go.

Behind her father stood Miss Fan, framing some inaudible sentence with her pretty rosy lips.

Counsel with nods and signs, Jim was able to interpret it all to mean:

"You go—it shall come."

So Jim saluted like a soldier and went without a word, and by the time his men had marched across a frozen mile of gleaming prairie Reynolds, in saddle, had overtaken them.

A big straw-laden wagon came clattering after.

Fanny had prevailed where he was powerless. Sounds of revelry arose from within the nearest ranch, and the troopers banged on the door and demanded admittance.

For answer there came a volley of curses and a chorus of a maudlin song.

"Sioux Pete!" muttered the corporal. "He and his gang here—drunk!"

Reynolds knew them well by repute.

A dozen gamblers and loafers, some of them half-breeds, who hung about the ranches and were "tabooed" at the post, a bad lot at best, a pack of fiends when in liquor.

"Shall I smash it in, sir?"

But Reynolds lifted a hand in instant warning. "Hush!" said he. "Listen!"

For, over the frozen prairie, somewhere on the line to the distant lure light, a faint cry for help rose on the night, a shot, a woman's muffled scream and then a mocking chorus of coyotes.

"Drop this," said Reynolds. "Come on with the wagon!" and away he spurred, leaving his party long rods in the rear.

At almost the same moment, Miss Fan, wrapped in fur, was standing on the side gallery of the commanding officer's quarters, straining eyes and ears for sight and sound from the moonlit waste to the west.

Well she knew the dangers that beset the soldiers who had ventured among the reckless, desperate men that swarmed every payday about the low resorts along the valley.

And this night her heart had treble anxieties, first for a faithful nurse who, after years under her father's roof, had married a sturdy forage master, had built a home just off the reservation and, only two days before, the wife had come to tell the commander of threats against her husband's life made by the cut-throat gang whose stealings he had checked.

Second, she was troubled about Pell, who had kept straight for a year, despite the fact that pretty Kit Roberts, daughter of a well-to-do cattle rancher, had smiled on another; and third, but not last, because of Jim Reynolds himself, for Jim had no more thought of self when danger or duty called him than he had for any woman on the face of the earth—but Fan.

The assistant surgeon, driving by in his sleigh, reined up and hailed her. Every officer in the garrison was more or less her slave.

"Heard anything out there, Miss Fanny?" he eagerly asked. "I was going over to Forbes's place. Your old nurse sent me word that she had three of our scapegraces corralled there—to keep them out of harm's way till they sobered up."

"Is Sergt. Pell there?" was Fan's instant question.

"He brought them there! Two of the men are frostbitten and one cut his hand. She says there is trouble with Sioux Pete's fellows, and"——

But on the wings of the night wind, sweeping down from the westward mountains, clear and distinct, though distant, came the sputter of shots, the sound of shouts for aid.

"I'm off!" said the doctor, lurching for his whip, as his mettlesome mare sprang from the snowdrift.

"Wait!" screamed Fan, and before he could fathom her purpose, the girl had sprung to his side in the little sleigh. "Now, quick—straight to Forbes's," she cried; and away they shot past the muffled sentry at the west gate, and tore at a run up the glistening valley. Half way to Forbes's a runaway team whirled by them, the wreck of an overturned sleigh bounding at their heels.

"Jake's Ranch," muttered the doctor, between his set teeth. "What can that mean?"

Fan shuddered by his side. Some gaunt, four-legged creatures snarling and tumbling over a ragged buffalo-robe in the track of the wreck, but scattering at their coming, told a story of their own.

Starved out in the foothills, the gray wolves, too, were thick in the valley.

Small wonder the corporal said it was a bad night for a fellow to make his way home with a full skin.

At Forbes's they reined up just for a second. A wailing woman rocked on a bench at the open door.

All she could say was that Sergt. Pell had come for help to Forbes, and his brave wife and the one soldier who could use his legs had gone out up the river bank, and then she heard cries and shooting, and Fanny imperiously ordered:

"Drive on!"

A minute more and they passed the carcass of a gray wolf stiffening in the snow.

Then another, and bloodstains and signs of a scuffle, and then at the edge of the cottonwoods came upon another scene.

Out on the open prairie some panting post guardsmen had run down three or four human wolves—Sioux Pete's specimens, trying to skulk away.

Under the trees, shamefaced, staggering, half-sobered, three soldiers were being tongue-lashed by Forbes's energetic helpmate.

Forbes himself, pale and anxious, was kneeling by a prostrate young sergeant, and leaning against a cottonwood, breathing heavily, with a hand pressed to his shoulder and looking very pale in the moonlight, stood Jim Reynolds.

Fan was out of the sleigh and close by his side before ever he saw her. Then he made a brave effort, for the doctor's face, bending over Pell, had gone suddenly grave.

It was Mrs. Forbes who told the story. Pell had managed to get three of the boys away from the gamblers, though much of their money was gone.

Then he had heard of others over at the "hog ranches," where Sioux Pete and some of his crowd were fleecing them, and had started for help, but came running back to say he'd found two soldiers fallen and half-frozen in the snow, with wolves all about them.

He had shot a wolf and scared them off and partially roused the men, but by the time he and Forbes and she had managed to reach them the three or four human wolves before-mentioned had driven up in the ranch sleigh and were loading the boys in to run them off to their den.

Pell had ordered the soldiers out. The gang wouldn't let them go. Then the scoundrels shot Pell and might have killed the rest of them but for Jim Reynolds dashing in among them, way ahead of his men.

And they were kneeling in the snow about the dying soldier when the major and others came galloping to the spot, and Jimmy Reynolds's arm, unrebuked, was about Fanny's slender waist, as the bent with tearful eyes over the white, stricken face.

Pell could barely speak, but he looked up at his grim major, and a faint smile flickered one moment about his blue lips.

"Absent again, major," he whispered. "Never answer 'nother tattoo." Then he looked into the sweet face and swimming eyes above him and then at the pale young officer, at Fanny's side, and the major, too, looked and saw and realized that in spite of him "Love had found a way." "The lieutenant's hit, too, major," whispered Pell. "He tried to save me and got shot for it. He's the best officer and friend I ever had. He saved me before—he and Miss Fanny—together. I gave them my pledge—together, major—to keep—till I died"—— And then he wandered off into other, fairer scenes and boyish days, and babbled a little of a girl they all knew.

And then, a few days later, the chaplain spoke eloquently over the flag-draped form that lay before the chancel rail, with its sad-faced guard of honor grouped about it and sympathetic soldiers' wives weeping among the silent men, and the major saw without remark that the light of his aging eyes stood clinging to the unwounded side of gallant Jim Reynolds, pale but plucky, and filled despite the sorrow of the moment with peace and hope unutterable, for without remonstrance from any source they stood—they knelt together, he and Fan—together, as they had received the sergeant's pledge.

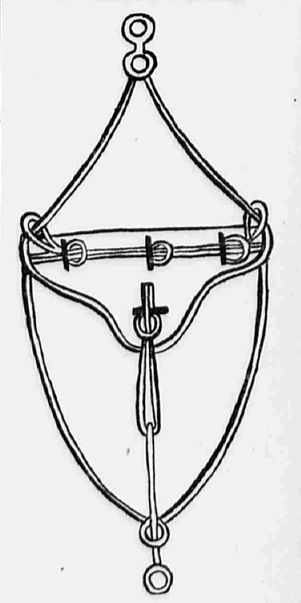
THE COSTLIEST GARDENS.

There are in England, Scotland and Wales no fewer than 10,000 places dignified with the title of "country seats." These are not small houses, but the residences of noblemen and gentlemen, many of whom keep large staffs of gardeners and laborers. It would be a low estimate to place the average cost of labor and cottage accommodation at each of these seats at £5 a week—or, say, £250 a year. This alone will amount to a sum of two and a half million pounds.

The up-keep of the garden, the repair of glass-houses, the purchase of seeds and plants, would, at a very moderate estimate, run to £100 a year. The figure might be placed much higher, but at £100 a year another million is put together. This does not include capital expenditure, which in some gardens is very large. In some gardens forty, fifty or more glass-houses may be found, says the Cincinnati Commercial Gazette.

If the large sums given for rare and new orchids—£100 for a plant being by no means an out-of-the-way price—is borne in mind, and the cost of keeping is made the main test, it is probable that Lord Rothschild's garden and grounds at Tring would come first as the most expensive in England. The expense of the maintenance of such a place is enormous. There are about forty or fifty gardeners and laborers constantly employed, and their wages alone would make a tolerable income for a city man—let us say £2,500 a year. Then there are the repairs of houses and their modification, furnaces to be supplied with coal, water, which must be brought in ample quantities whenever stove culture is attempted, and is needed in all parts of the garden, and seeds to be purchased, to say nothing of plants

A PUZZLE PURSE.

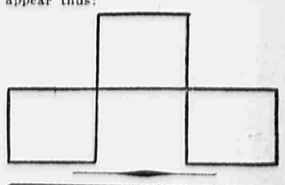


With a piece of morocco, or any other suitable material, let a purse be constructed similar to the one given here. The puzzle is to open the same without removing any of the rings.

THE MAGIC SQUARE.

From seventeen matches inclosing six squares to remove five matches and still leave three squares.

This seeming impossibility is rendered easy by removing the two upper corners on each side and the centre match in the lower line, when the squares will appear thus:



A MAIDEN.

"Give me Love, O Lord," I cried—
"Give me Love, though naught beside!
I would know the way he wanders,
For the world is wide."

Then I found him at my side,
For my cry was not denied,
And the narrow world has nowhere
For my heart to hide!
—Elsa Barker in the Century.